

THE STAGE

WHO IRVING WAS, AND WHAT HE HAS DONE.

It is doubtless more than the money he is enabled to carry back with him that brings Henry Irving so frequently to our

shores. He must certainly have a warm spot in his heart for America, for it was an American manager, Colonel Bateman, who gave him the opportunity to make



ANNA HELD, NOW STARRING IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York. Digitized by Google



MAXINE ELLIOTT, JUST RETURNED FROM A LONDON SEASON, AND APPEARING IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY ONE."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

the hit that planted his feet firmly in the path to fame. Fechter, the French actor, had hitherto held forth at the London Lyceum, but, hearing of the gold that was to be picked up for the labor of bending over in the States, he took ship and sailed forth for New York. Then it was that Colonel Bateman, controlling the theater at the time, fastened his eye on Irving and decided to see what he could do with the young man. Irving was a comedian

in those days and the colonel wanted a tragedian, but the Yankee manager did not stop for a drawback of such slight dimensions.

Irving's real name was John Henry Brodribb, his father was janitor in the offices of the stock broking firm of Braithwaite, Noel & Co., and the family worshipped in the temple where one Baptist Noel held forth every Sunday. The stage was to them the instrument of Satan, and



N. C. GOODWIN, JUST RETURNED FROM LONDON WITH HIS WIFE, MAXINE ELLIOTT, AND APPEARING IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY ONE."

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

young John's habit of spouting Shakspeare grew to be a sore trial to his mother. The shock when he finally announced his intention of becoming a "play actor" himself almost drove the old lady with sorrow to the grave.

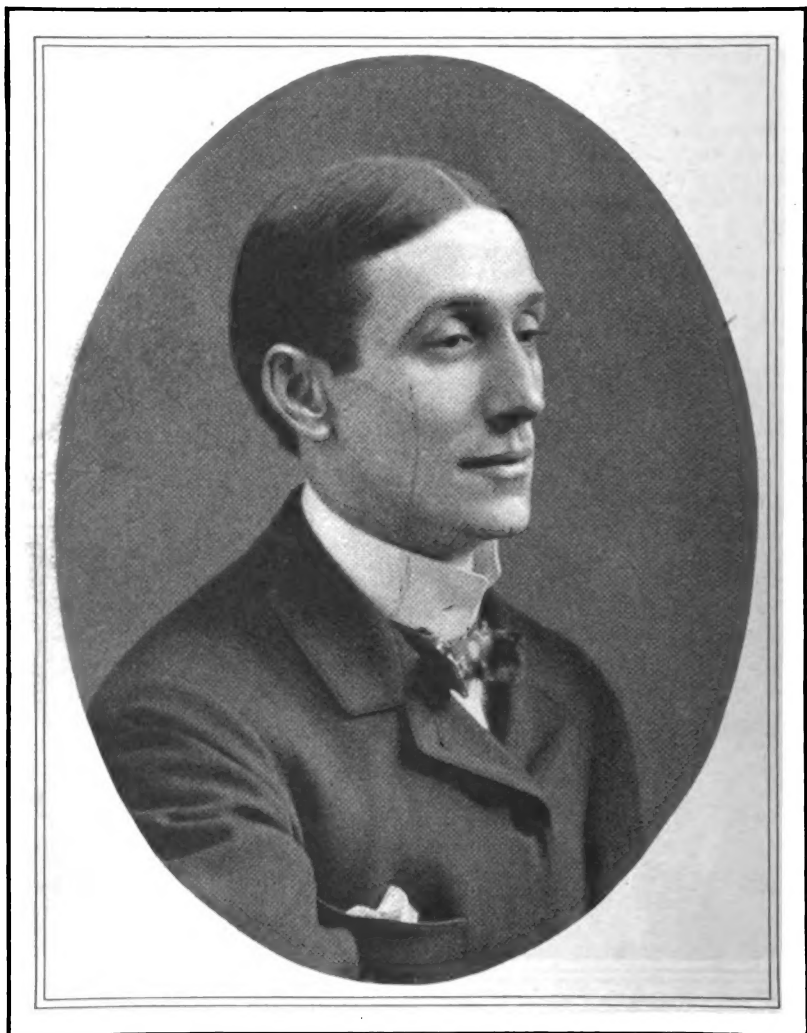
In some way young Brodribb obtained an introduction to the manager of a theater on the Surrey side of the Thames, and this man, Phelps, offered to take him on in some of his Shakspeare productions,

but Irving—he selected the name shortly after his début—very modestly elected to make his start in the provinces. He was not a shining success. In fact, he was not a success at all, but the public must be tired of hearing of the great actors who were miserable failures when they began, so this portion of his career would better be passed over with compassionate brevity.

He used failure as a spur to harder

work, and in 1857, managed to secure a foothold in the Theater Royal, Edinburgh. At this time Irving was twenty one years old. Among his associates was

he created the character of *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," that he made his first hit. It was as *Landry* in "Fanchon" that he first attracted the attention of



DAN DALY, THE COMEDIAN OF THE DRAWL, NOW STARRING IN "THE NEW YORKERS."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Charlotte Cushman, and under the inspiration of great artists of her caliber, he actually contrived one night to make a favorable impression as *Claude Melnotte*. But his ambition was fixed on London. It was not until nine years later, however, that he was enabled to realize it. "Hunted Down" was the play that brought him to the Strand, but this did nothing beyond placing him among the "also rans." It was not until 1870, when

Colonel Bateman, whose sister Isabel was the *Fanchon* of the occasion.

It was just thirty years ago, on the 25th of last November, that Colonel Bateman brought out "The Bells" at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as *Mathias*. The next day all the West End of London rang with his name. He had broken all records with the brevity of his cut to renown. Irving became a permanency at the Lyceum, and, at a bound, was the ac-

knowledgeable leader of his profession in England. His next appearance was as *Charles I*—a rôle he has lately revived—and after *Charles* came *Richelieu*. In October, 1874, he gave his rendering of *Hamlet*, and, after hanging in the balance for the first half of the evening, the impersonation swept the audience off its feet. Another bay was added to the laurels this astounding player had won. Astounding, for Irving is now and always has been an actor beset with mannerisms that would seem sufficient to nullify any good points he may have possessed. But the innate magnetism of the man forces itself through these excrescences, and he grips his auditors all the firmer because they cannot themselves explain just where the force lies.



LAURA HOPE CREWS, SOUBRETTE OF THE DONNELLY STOCK COMPANY AT THE MURRAY HILL, NEW YORK.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1901, by Schloss, New York.



FRANCES STARR, INGÉNU OF THE DONNELLY STOCK COMPANY AT THE MURRAY HILL, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

The second Shakspeare presentation was "*Macbeth*," followed the next year by "*Othello*." Edwin Booth crossed to England, and the two great actors joined forces in the last named tragedy, interchanging the parts of *Othello* and *Iago*. "*Faust*" was soon afterwards added to the Irving repertoire, and his *Mephistophiles* electrified the people. Ellen Terry had by this time been included in the company, and in 1883 the first visit to America was made.

October 29 was the opening night in New York, at the Star Theater—now no more—and the play was "*The Bells*." The engagement, limited to three weeks, was an enormous success, one of its leading features being the production of "*The Merchant of Venice*," with Irving as *Shylock*, Ellen Terry as *Portia*, and poor

murdered Bill Terriss as *Bassanio*. Martin Harvey played *Balthazar*, and Jessie Millward *Jessica*. At the concluding performance the bill consisted of the first act of "*Richard III.*" followed by the two act comedy, "*The Belle's Stratagem.*" After which, by special request, Mr. Irving recited Hood's poem, "*The Dream of Eugene Aram.*" It was not long before he visited this country again, and in 1893 he brought "*Becket*" as his strong card.

Irving was knighted on the



ANDREAS DIPPEL, TENOR OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From his latest photograph. Copyright by Dupont, New York.

Queen's birthday, 1895, and in the autumn of the same year crossed the ocean for the fifth time. "*Macbeth.*" "*King Arthur.*" and "*The Corsican Brothers*" were among his offerings on this tour, although the people, as it turned out, were more eager to see his old standbys — "*The Merchant of Venice.*" "*The Bells.*" and "*The Lyons Mail.*" The one act piece, "*The Story of Waterloo.*" — played here for the first time—also became a favorite. On his return to London, in the



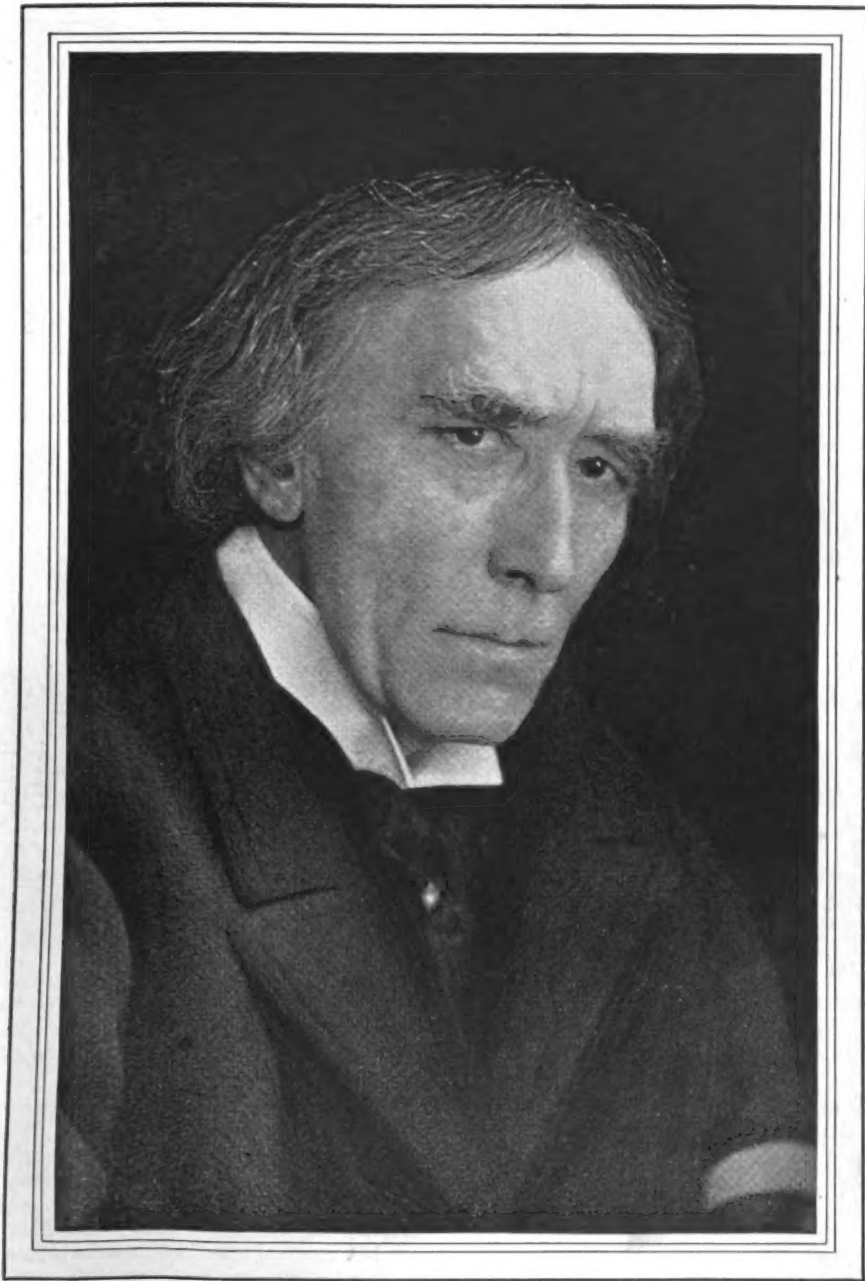
LUCIENNE BRÉVAL, SOPRANO OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.



MILKA TERNINA, SOPRANO OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.



HENRY IRVING, NOW ON HIS SEVENTH AMERICAN TOUR.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by E. M. Histed.

spring of '96, he made a production of "Richard III." Before Irving again came to America he had passed through a serious illness, so that a specially hearty greeting was extended when, in the autumn of 1899, he appeared at

the Knickerbocker in Sardou's "Robespierre." Although Sardou himself admits that he wrote the piece merely as a pot boiler and that he had no wish to see it performed, it served Irving as a splendid drawing card all through his



FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE AS "SAN TOY," AT THE LONDON DALY'S.

From a photograph by Ellis & Watery, London.



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS "ROSALIND" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

sixth season in the States. On his present visit he brings no novelty, if one excepts "Madame Sans Gêne," in which neither Miss Terry nor himself is well suited. After his return to London in the spring, Irving intends to revive "Faust," with Cecilia Loftus as *Marguerite*.

ELLEN TERRY: A CHILD OF THE THEATER.

Irving comes of stock far removed from any connection with the playhouse. Ellen Terry, on the other hand, springs from a very hotbed of histrionic talent. Her father and mother were on a professional tour of the English provinces when she was born, February 27, 1848, at Coventry,

in a theatrical boarding house. Two weeks after this interesting event, Mrs. Benjamin Terry was able to join her husband on the road. Ellen's elder sister Kate became a distinguished member of the profession, and the third daughter, Marion, has been called the sweetest actress in England. The two brothers, Charles and Fred, are both well known in the calling, the one as manager, the other as actor.

Born and bred in such an atmosphere, it was to be expected that Ellen would begin her own career young. She was but seven when she appeared at the Princess Theater, London, as the child *Mamillius*, son to *King Leontes*, in "A Winter's Tale," under the management of Mrs.

Charles Kean (Ellen Tree). This same year (1856) Mr. Kean made his great production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the child Ellen was cast for *Puck*.

(*Titania*) rushed to her side and stamped on the floor, but the trap only closed the tighter. Mrs. Kean then came to the rescue, had the foot released, and whispered to Ellen that if she would finish the



ELLEN TERRY AS SHE APPEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "MADAME SANS GÈNE."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

While they were giving the piece in Edinburgh she had her first increase of salary, owing to a peculiar circumstance. When she came up through the stage in the last act, the stage hand closed the trap too quickly and caught *Puck's* toe. The child screamed, and her sister Kate

scene, she would see that her pay was doubled. The brave girl won her rise.

Her next part was the boy prince Arthur in "King John." At fourteen she played her first woman's part, *Hero*, in "Much Ado About Nothing." It was soon after this, when she was only sixteen,

that Miss Terry married Watts, the well known artist, and retired from the stage. But her love of it was too strong to be

turned to the stage as *Philippa Chester* in Charles Reade's "Wandering Jew." This was the character which opened the



ALICE NIELSEN, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HER RETIREMENT FROM COMIC OPERA AND PLANS TO MAKE HER DÉBUT AS A CONCERT SINGER IN LONDON THIS MONTH.

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

satisfied with sitting in the stalls and watching others act, so three years later she was looking at the footlights again from their more brilliant side, as *Rose* in "The Double Marriage." On December 26 of the same year (1867) she and Henry Irving first played together in "The Taming of the Shrew." Again Miss Terry retired into private life, remaining away until 1874, when she re-

series of performances which she now threatens to close the coming spring.

In 1875 she played *Portia* to the *Shylock* of Charles Cogan under the Bancrofts, and three years later, under the management of John Hare, created the part of *Olivia* in a new version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." On the 30th of December in this year (1878) Henry Irving assumed control of the Lyceum, and engaged Miss



FRANCES GAUNT, ON TOUR IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

From a photograph by Gilbert.

Terry as his associate. Her first part was *Ophelia*. Her initial appearance in America was made as the *Queen* in "Charles I." October 30, 1883. Parts with which she has been especially associated and plays in which Irving does not appear are *Ellaline* in "The Amber Heart" (1887), *Nance Oldfield* (1890), and *Lady Soupire* in "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" (1896). Her favorite rôles are *Ophelia* and *Beatrice*. The public agrees with her so far as the *Beatrice* is concerned, but is inclined to place *Portia* before the witless maid of "Hamlet."

It is but natural that Miss Terry should wish to rest on her laurels after so long a career. She has certainly won honorable discharge. Besides, in a day when it is so difficult to find any producible play, it is practically impossible to discover one with equally strong parts for both hero and heroine. Miss Terry has two children, both on the stage. Ailsa and Gordon Craig, the private name of the latter being Edward Wardell.

OPERA COMIQUE AND COMIC OPERA.

"It is rather hard to get the biggest prize of all only to hear it belittled by speeches such as that!" complained a singer to a friend one afternoon in Paris. "There's room for missionary work in the United States."

They were standing near one of the little kiosks on the boulevard. Two American youths, their hands in their pockets, were critically inspecting the yellow and white theater bills, with a view to ultimate selection. The remark that had called forth the young woman's indignant outburst had been made after a perusal of the advertisement of "Louise" at the Opéra Comique.

"There's the comic opera," said one. "That ought to be good sport."



GERTRUDE BENNETT, OF DANIEL FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY AT DALY'S.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



AUGUSTA CLOSE, WHO SINGS AT THE PIANO IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



ELSIE FERGUSON, ONE OF THE SCHOOLGIRLS IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH, ENGLISH TENOR, WITH ANNA HELD IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS."

From a photograph by Wilson, London.



GEORGE W. WILSON, WHO PLAYS "LOUIS XI" WITH SOTHERN IN "IF I WERE KING."

From a photograph by Bonaults, Fall River.

"The mistake is not uncommon," answered the singer's friend carelessly. "It is only the inevitable literal translation: that's all."

"It is common," she insisted, "and most natural. Nine out of ten Americans make it; and even the best informed of my friends are a little doubtful as to whether they really ought to congratulate me on getting in."

The matter interested the man, and on his return to the land of the free he began to look about him for the logical, rather than the literal, translation of the term in question. A public cannot be expected to comprehend a foreign institution unless it possesses an easily referable parallel at home. This he found did not exist. We in America have no *opéra comique*.

To begin with, there is the pink tight aggregation with the one sentimental song, the one topical song of endless encore, the comic ditties introductory of the principal characters, the funny man with the red nose, and the accurate male and female alternation across the stage at each finale. We all know "The Belle of New York," "The Idol's Eye," "The Runaway Girl," and the dozens of other girls—"Telephone," "from Paris," "from Up There" and elsewhere—who flash a very soubrettish charm in needed assistance of tenuous voices. That is our true comic opera, the sort which the American youths anticipated in their literal translation of *opéra comique*. The French have that sort of thing also. Only, they label it *opéra bouffe*.

Then we have in graduation from the Casino type what may be called the Daly species, in which the music is a little better, the fun a trifle subtler, the setting somewhat more artistic, and the performers somewhat further removed from the music hall. Instance "San Toy" and "The Geisha." France offers this attraction also. She calls it *opéra bouffe* still, and it is a type that has more of permanency than with us. "La Belle Helène," whose *première* dates in the haze of memory almost with Troy itself, still sees the crowded stalls of the Variétés from time to time.

And, lastly, we like to think ourselves a little less frivolous by enjoying and applauding productions such as "Robin Hood" and "Erminie." In our more virtuous moments we even drop the belittling adjective. It is no longer comic, but *light*, opera. And in France the significance translates easily and naturally

into the beloved *operette*, of which excellent examples are always to be heard in the boulevard theaters.

There remains only our hall mark of musical culture, our shrine of genius, our temple of display, our beloved but sporadic institution which we, the public, generalize as grand opera. Edna May, Virginia Earl, Alice Nielsen, have the suffrage of our popular vogue, the blessing of our approval as actresses. Eames, Nordica, Calvé, move loftily and expensively in our adulation of their art, in consciousness of our free acknowledgment of them as artists. Those three, different in kind and in degree as their talents are, admirable and enjoyable as their performances may be, belong to the same genus. The others are of a different plane of artistic life.

The true translation of *opéra comique* is to be sought in our so called grand opera, and those who sing in *opéra comique* belong to the type of Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, and Calvé; therefore it will be seen that there was justification for the protest of the American singer in Paris. What we include in one term is in French divided into two departments. Our grand opera becomes with the French a double institution. When the dialogue is entirely sung the production falls into the *grand opéra* class. When part of the dialogue is spoken, it ranks as *opéra comique*. That is the sole distinction between the two. As matter of fact, the distinction originally sprang from the difference between two schools of music. In the old days *opéra comique* was Italian.

So at the Paris Opéra Comique one hears such productions as "Faust," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Lakmé," the works of Massenet, and the latest great success, Charpentier's "Louise," besides, of course, the numerous examples of the Italian school—"The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." In the other branch of grand opera are "Aida," "The Huguenots," the Wagner music dramas.

Both branches, in conjunction with the Comédie Française, are managed by the state, just as are the museums, the libraries, and the picture galleries. They are intended primarily for the encouragement of the dramatic and musical talents. The winner of the Prix de Rome in music, for instance, has a right to production at either the Grand or the Comique, as he may elect. The object secondarily is to furnish to the public at large the best music and the best drama possible.

To this end, a corps of singers and actors is paid good salaries under two and three year contracts. As the examinations necessary to enrollment are excessively severe, it is considered a supreme honor to be able to sign oneself "*de l'Opéra Comique*," or "*de la Comédie Française*."

For admittance to the ranks of singers, a public audition is held twice a month. The singing of two or three notes as a rule decides the candidate's fate.

"*Je vous remercie, mademoiselle*," says the polite examiner, and the unfortunate is bowed out.

Should, however, the voice give promise of possessing that rare quality of timbre and power which is imperatively demanded in the artistic capital of the world, its owner is passed on to a jury of three for more careful consideration. Not only must the natural gifts prove superlative, but the aspirant must give conclusive evidence of the long, careful training, the hard work, the intelligence in use, which indicate a finished singer of the highest type. The French national opera does not pretend to teach. It demands the best.

Naturally, but few are chosen. The staff of singers is not large, all things considered, and vacancies by death, illness, and defection seldom occur. A vast shifting population of students is waiting to fill the first opening. In the great *Quartier* there are over twenty thousand, of whom over one fourth are musical.

The high and uniform standard of perfection makes it exceedingly difficult for foreigners to succeed. French art aims at the perfect balance as well as the specially excellent. It does not tolerate an accent. Colloquially to learn a tongue is a difficult thing; but to acquire exactly the inflection and accent of a native is almost impossible. We all know how long the German burr sticks to the speech of our naturalized citizens—even when they have resided in the country many years. The foreign candidate in Paris, however, must accomplish the impossible before he can hope for consideration, no matter how glorious his voice. Nor is merely good everyday French sufficient. The stage requires a peculiar elocutionary exaggeration of accent, which the singer must study as diligently as he does the production of tones.

We need not wonder, then, that the French national stage shows few foreign names on its rolls. Neilson appears to have been the first to gain the honor. We may congratulate ourselves, however, on

the showing our young country has made in the heart breaking race for artistic recognition.

Five Americans have sung at the Comique. They are Sibyl Sanderson, Rose Redda, Fanchon Thompson, Mary Garden, and Claude Albright. Miss Sanderson has lately sung at the Opéra, and the two last named are on the present roster of the Comique. What makes the fact especially gratifying to the patriot is that but one other foreign country is represented—Denmark—in the single person of Mme. Acté.

In her examinations, which took place last spring, Miss Albright experienced a little triumph. Before the decision was announced she received flattering offers from outside managers. In conveying its verdict the committee expressed doubt as to her Americanism—"Because, mademoiselle, you have not even a suspicion of accent!" Her voice is a contralto. By way of an interesting corollary to the previous argument, Miss Albright could have made her début at the Grand Opéra, but preferred to begin at the Comique.

THE PLOT OF "DU BARRY."

"Du Barry" is not an entertaining play. It is absorbing, impressive, at points almost great, always scenically magnificent. No theatergoer can afford to miss it. All theatergoers will want to see it, for already the fame thereof has spread to the uttermost parts of stageland. But the theme is harrowing in the extreme. The contrast between the light hearted milliner's assistant of the first scene, and the frightened woman in the tumbrel of the last, means three hours of such culminating misery as few audiences have ever been called on to witness.

David Belasco, after finishing the writing of the play, began to make preparations for its production as long ago as last February. It will probably not be necessary for him to furnish Mrs. Carter with anything new for some years to come. Beside "Du Barry," "The Heart of Maryland" seems a trifle, and "Zaza" almost a side issue. To be sure, in the story he has been obliged to take liberties with history, but then the French king did not at all times deport themselves for the especial benefit of the playwrights of a later century.

The first act reveals a milliner's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. The gowns of the women, the uniforms of the men, the ribbons and plumes and bonnets—all are in profusion and of the richest quality.

Here *Jeanette* is shown receiving attentions from *Cossé-Brissac*, of the King's Guard, with whom she finally promises to go into the country the following day. Meantime appears the *Marquise de Quesnoy*, the keeper of a gambling house, in search of a pretty face to lure trade. She and the *Comte Jean du Barry* invite *Jeanette* out to a balcony to see the king pass, and, her head turned by the honor, the girl foregoes her appointment with *Cossé*.

In the next act *Jeanette* is an inmate of the gambling rooms. Just such an interior has never before been shown on the stage. Everything about the apartment has an air of solidity, of permanence, to which, even in this age of extravagance in mounting, we are unaccustomed. But *Jeanette* is weary and disgusted with herself. She longs for her *Cossé*, the only being she has ever loved. That love is the purest thing about her. Suddenly *Cossé* comes to her, pleads with her, mesmerizes her. She is on the point of flying with him to a cottage in Saint Gervais, where the violets grow up to the very doorstep, when there enters the king, *Louis XV*, disguised as his own emissary. *Louis* has heard of the wonderful beauty at the gambling rooms, and has come to see for himself whether she would make a fitting successor to *La Pompadour*. But *Jeanette*, her head and heart full of *Cossé*, will not listen, and, finding that the doors are locked against her exit, raises a rumpus over the insult to her. Then the king dismisses his attendants and reveals his identity to the surprised girl. She is caught in his arms by *Cossé*. Thereupon the young guardsman leaves believing her evil. *Jeanette* tries in vain to call him back, and the curtain falls on her lamentations over the shattering of her dream of love.

A year elapses before she is found in her boudoir at Versailles. She has married, in *Maritana* fashion, *Jean du Barry's* dissolute brother *Guillaume*, to secure her entrée as a titled lady at court. The brother has been packed off to the country, out of the way. The only reason *Jean* does not marry the girl himself is the fact that already he has a wife. *Jeanette's* will in the matter is never once consulted; only her ambition is traded on. She is found now in her bedroom at the palace in Versailles, a veritable fairy bower, with a minion to answer her every beck and call, and the privilege to hold a reception without so much as lifting her head from her pillow.

Just as the gaming rooms had palled

upon her, so does this royal splendor. Her woman's heart cries out for the man she loves, and she has an affecting interview with *Cossé's* father, the *Duc de Brissac*, wherein she learns that her lover has been cast into prison by the king. *Cossé* escapes, and, mad with hatred of the monarch, comes to the palace of Versailles to murder him. On the balcony of *Du Barry's* room adjoining the king's cabinet he is shot by *Jean du Barry*. He reels in upon the astonished *Jeanette*, wounded and spent. There is a brief love scene between them, interrupted by the king, who demands an entrance.

On ascertaining who it is that knocks, *Cossé* springs for his sword and vows to kill the king. *Du Barry*, terrified, employing the only means she knows to silence him, strikes with all her might at his wound, so that he falls senseless on the bed. There is a moment in which she kisses him and murmurs her love. Then her instinct is all alert to find a hiding place. All the while *Louis* is rapping, demanding admittance.

At last, in desperation, *Du Barry* leaves *Cossé* where he has fallen on the bed, covers him with a heavy quilt, unlocks the private panel, creeps back to bed herself, and bids the king enter. *Louis* appears, mad with jealousy. A man has been seen to climb to *Du Barry's* balcony, to enter, and must be there now. "Well, then, search," she flouts him, and even suggests sarcastically that he may be in the bed. He is not found, and the private guards retire to look elsewhere. *Du Barry* then falls to kissing her lover, and is discovered in the act by *Jean*, who enters quietly. He demands two hundred thousand louis for his silence, and she pushes her treasure chest towards him.

The fourth act is laid in the royal gardens the same night, where *Du Barry* has promised to enact Folly at a fête. This is another superb setting, and affords opportunity for the culminating emotional scene of the play. *Du Barry* has been trying to get *Cossé* away with the aid of the few who are faithful to her—the papal nuncio and poor *Denys*. *Jean du Barry*, however, turns traitor to his word, and, in the midst of the revels, comes to the king with news of the hiding place of the man *Louis* is seeking. *Du Barry*, in despair, robbed of all hope of subterfuge, promises *Louis* that she will confess all, if only he will spare her lover's life. Finally the king consents. It is in this great episode that Mrs. Carter attains her triumph. When she tells the king that, do what he will, he cannot tear from

her heart the love that is there for *Cossé*, there is nobody left but Bernhardt with whom to compare her.

In the fifth act Belasco takes his audience over an interval of many years to the French Revolution, showing first the retreat in the woods, where *Du Barry* has retired and to which *Cossé* comes with the order of the Committee of Public Safety for her arrest. Then she is seen in her cell in the Conciergerie, at first supposing she will be pardoned, and then cowering in terror of death when the priest appears to hear her last confession.

The final scene is in many respects the greatest spectacular essay of the whole play. It shows the street in front of the milliner's shop, now barred because of the evil times. The curtain rises on a darkened stage, the soft gleam of falling snow alone being visible. Then comes daylight, and the mob waiting for the tumbrels to pass on their way to the guillotine. As the word flies from mouth to mouth that the cart bearing *Du Barry* is approaching, windows open everywhere—three, four stories up—and heads protrude, while vile epithets are hurled at the woman who is regarded as the type of luxury which the revolutionists are bent on destroying. The effect would be great were it not for the mysterious stoppage of the snow storm, the sudden out-roads and equally sudden silences of the crowd. They are disconcerting in their lack of realism where realism is everything.

After *Du Barry* no one will dispute Mrs. Carter's ranking as the greatest American actress now on the boards. Hamilton Revelle, the young Englishman, is a manly *Cossé*, and Charles A. Stevenson in every way satisfying as the king.

NOTES OF THE GRAND OPERA.

Mr. Grau said last spring that he will not give a season in 1902-1903, so what may be New York's last term of grand opera for two years was begun at the Metropolitan on December 23. Strange to say, neither "Faust" nor "Romeo and Juliet" was selected for the opening bill. Wagner had the place of honor, with "Tristan and Isolde," and Milka Ternina was the *Isolde*.

This is the rôle in which Mme. Ternina made a hit at the Metropolitan with the Grau forces in March, 1900. She is a native of Croatia, and was educated for opera at the Conservatory in Vienna. Her début was made at Leipsic, as *Elizabeth*

in "Tannhauser," in 1883. After four seasons at the opera house in Bremen, she went to the Court Theater in Munich, where she sang *Isolde* for the first time. Her first appearance in America took place in Boston, in February, 1896, with the Damrosch Opera Company. With the same organization she sang *Elsa* in "Lohengrin" at the Academy of Music, New York, in the March of the same year. Mme. Ternina returned again to this country two years later with the Damrosch-Ellis troupe, but illness prevented her from singing.

Mlle. Bréval, from the Paris Grand Opéra, who made her American début last winter, is back again. So is Dippel, the faithful tenor who has pulled Mr. Grau out of many a deep hole. Dippel was a member of the German company at the Metropolitan before the days of Abbey and Grau. Since then he has sung at Stuttgart and Vienna. *Siegfried* is his long suit.

Calvé is back, and Eames and Sembrich—all big cards, and the tenor Alvarez is here again. He was heard only briefly a season or two ago. Jean de Reszke is absent—the great, money drawing Jean—although brother Édouard is on hand once more. Jean is in Paris for a special series of performances, and is enjoying the triumph of Bessie Abbott, an American protégée of his, who made a hit as *Juliette* at the Grand Opéra early in December. Miss Abbott is one of the twin sisters Abbott who sang popular ballads in "Little Christopher" five years ago.

THE KING IN "IF I WERE KING."

In his time George W. Wilson has played five hundred different rôles, ranging all the way from *Bunthorne* in "Patience" to *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir at Law." He has supported Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Frank Chanfrau, John T. Raymond, Fechter, and McCullough.

Mr. Wilson's father, a strict Methodist, intended his son for the ministry, and it was a terrible blow to him when he went on the stage. But the instinct to act appeared to be born in the boy. It found its first outlet in an amateur dramatic association connected with the Mercantile Library. The manager of a traveling company from the Boston Theater saw young Wilson act in one of these performances and made him an offer for the professional stage. He acted for twenty one years in Boston, sixteen of them with the old Museum stock, which went out of existence in the latter nineties.